Address

Bowley

157

Address of Brigadier General A. J. Bowley, U. S. Army at Fort Fisher, N. C., May 18, 1924.

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The story of the defense of Fort Fisher is a familiar subject in all the histories covering the war between the States. Its importance is well known to all students of that war. Let us not go into the details of the struggle that took place on this hallowed ground, but let us think of the defense of this stronghold as typifying the efforts of the entire South during the war of 1861-65.

The Confederate veterans! With these words does there not arise in every mind the thought of a meteoric army which 63 years ago sprang into existence, as it would seem, out of space and nothingness, and after a career of four years, unsustained by treasury and arsenal, but unsurpassed for brilliant fighting and lavish outpour of blood, vanished from earth as utterly as if it had been a phantom of imagination.

It had followed as a banner, a starry cross, born in the fire and smoke of its battle line, which had flown over its charging columns on many fields and under many leaders, whose names proud history will forever cherish, and then in a night it also had taken its flight from earth, to be seen no more of men.

A Federal historian wrote of this army:

"Who can forget it that once looked upon it? That array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets-that body of incomparable infantry, the Army of Northern Virginia-which for four years carried the revolt on its bayonets, opposing a constant front to

the mighty concentrations of power brought against it; which, receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like, and which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation."

And the whole people who had created that annihilated army and had upheld that vanished flag, and in their behalf had sacrificed its all, now with one consent gave to the cause for which they had striven vainly but so well, the title "The Lost Cause".

And this people mourned over their lost cause as the captive Israelites mourned over Zion: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! Let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." But they buried their grief deep in their own hearts, and, exchanging swords and guns for implements of industry, set themselves to restoring their desolated homes and rebuilding their shattered fortunes.

And now two generations have passed away. The smoke of civil conflict has vanished forever from the sky, and the whole country, under the new conditions evolved in its four years' struggle, finds itself united in developing its vast resources in successful rivalry with the greatest nations on earth.

Whose vision is now so dull that he does not recognize the blessing it is to himself and to his children to live in an undivided country?

Who would today relegate his own State to the position it would hold in the world were it declared a sovereign, as are the States of Central and South America? To ask these questions is to answer them. And the answer is the acknowledgment that it was

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best for the South that the cause was "Lost!" The right to secede, the stake for which the South fought so desperately, were it now offered as a gift, would be rejected as would a proposition of suicide. Let me briefly review the story of this change of sentiment.

The South believed, and still believes, that its sovereignty was intended to be reserved by each and every State when it ratified the Constitution. It was universally taught among the Southern people that in this feature there was divinely inspired wisdom.

It may have been wisdom for that century. Each State was then an independent agricultural community. The railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, were undreamed of on earth. But, as in nature, whenever the climate has changed, the fauna and flora have been forced to change and adapt themselves to new environment, so among mankind must modes of government be modified to conform to new conditions.

The steamboat, railroad, and telegraph by 1860 had made a new planet out of the one George Washington knew. National commerce had been born, and it was realized that State sovereignty was utterly incompatible with its full development. The "inspired wisdom" of the previous century had now become but foolishness. Nature's great law of evolution, against which no constitution can prevail, at once brought into play to overturn it forces as irresistible as those of a volcano. But such conceptions as those of political evolution had then entered few men's minds. Patrick Henry had said "Give me liberty or give me death". Surely it

back for the world that the people was "ready". The right to decide this where the right the right change as inevitable, were it not mixed up a gift, would be rejected as such a proposition of great. Yet we actually having the story of this change of new climate.

The Lord believed, the still believed, that the unexpectedly was intended to be received by man as the only that when it [illegible] the constitution. It was extraordinary hardly seeing the [illegible] people that in this instance have the directly inspired wisdom.

It may have been chance for that country. Such chance was the an independent political community. The original, the [illegible] the religious, were [illegible] of to earth. Yet, be it before, however the climate was changed. The [illegible] have been forced to change and make [illegible] to new [illegible], in [illegible] material and modes of [illegible] to [illegible] in the [illegible] civilize.

The climate, [illegible], and [illegible] by land and made a new planet out of the old George [illegible] knew. [illegible] [illegible] had been born, but it was realized that there [illegible] [illegible] incompatible with the full development. The "[illegible] climate" of the previous century had new [illegible] [illegible] Europe's poor law of [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], as your [illegible] into play to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of a volume. Any [illegible] [illegible] of political [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] said "Give me liberty or give me death". [illegible]

would not be liberty if the Southern States could not secede whenever they wished to. Holding these views the Southerners would have been cowards had they not resisted for all they were worth. And posterity should be grateful for their having forced the issue and fought it out to the bitter end.

Now we have learned to appreciate the limited range of Patrick Henry's views, and have discarded them in favor of broader theories. We want neither liberty nor death; we want conformation to environment.

And as the changes in our planet still go on, and as international commerce has grown up-a Siamese twin to national commerce-one must applaud our nation's coming out of the swaddling bands of its infancy and entering upon its grand inheritance. Let it stand for universal civilization.

This is but a small and crowded planet, now that science has brought its ends together by her great inventions. Neither States nor nations can longer dwell to themselves. An irrepressible conflict is on between barbarism and civilization.

Through human imperfection much that must be done may seem harsh and cruel. Much that has happened doubtless was so to our aborigines; but for all that we must look forward and not backward, and walk boldly in the paths of progress.

Now, for their bearing upon this story. Let us speak briefly of two matters of history.

It is due to General Lee that at Appomattox, in April, 1865, a surrender of the Confederate army was made, instead of the struggle

[illegible] not be [illegible] if his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

being prolonged into a guerrilla war. This action does, indeed, place Lee upon an exalted plane. And it fortunately happened that his rival actor in this great drama was General Grant, a brother graduate of the United States Military Academy.

That great institution may cherish the record of that day, when two of her sons, having each written his name so high in the annals of war, now united to turn the nation into the paths of peace. For General Grant, who had been proudly called by his victorious army "Unconditional Surrender" Grant, now seemed only to seek excuses to spare the Confederates every possible mortification and to save them from individual losses, even at the expense of his own Government.

His example was immediately followed by every man in his army, down to the humblest teamster. Time will not permit the description of the friendliness, courtesy, and generosity with which the whole victorious army seemed filled. The news of the surrender and its liberal terms was received everywhere with similar feelings of generous conciliation. In proof it is only necessary to refer to the early negotiations between Sherman and Johnson. President Lincoln also fully shared these feelings and even planned for the South financial compensation for its loss of property by the emancipation of its slaves. Thus for six days-from April 9th to 14th-there was every prospect that reconstruction would be accomplished in the spirit manifested by Grant and under the direction of Lincoln, who, without her knowledge, was at the time the South's most powerful friend. The treatment of the South would have been of such a liberal nature that sorrows of defeat would have soon been

blotted out.

Oh! the pity of it! That this spirit of peace and good will could not have been permitted to spread over the whole country and influence the breasts alike of both victors and vanquished. By the fatuous act of an assassin, in a moment, this fair vision was shattered, and in its place, and without fault upon her part, there was invoked against the prostrate South a whirlwind of rage and resentment. Indeed, it is due to the restraint put upon the political leaders of the North by General Grant that the death of Lincoln did not mark for the South the beginning of greater woes than those of the war itself. There resulted many years of bitterness and estrangement between the sections, retarding the growth of national spirit, and yielding but slowly even to the great daily object lesson of the development of our country.

But at last, in the fullness of time, the stars in their courses have taken up the work! As in 1865 one wicked hand retarded our unification by the murder of Lincoln, so in 1898 another assassin, equally wicked and equally stupid, by the blowing up of the MAINE, and again in 1914-1917 still another assassin, by violating the sacred rights of nations, have twice given us a common cause and made us at last and indeed a nation in the front rank of the world's civilization, with its greatest problems committed to our care.

But there is still one thing more to be said.

Was all the Southern blood shed in vain? Was all the agony endured for the lost cause but as water spilt upon the sand? No! A thousand times, No!

[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

The South has set a world record for devotion to a cause. She has given to her children proud memories, and to history new names, to be a theme and an inspiration for unborn generations. The heroes of future wars will emulate Lees and Jacksons.

She taught the armies of the world the casualties to be endured in battle.

And the qualities of heart and soul developed both in her women and men, in the stress and strain of her poverty and in the furnace of her affliction, have made a worthier race, and have already borne rich reward in the building up of our country.

But above and beyond all, the firm bonds which today hold together this great nation could never have been wrought by debates in Congress. Human development has not yet progressed so far.

Such bonds must be forged, welded, and proved in the heat of battle and must be cemented in blood. Peace congresses and arbitrations have never yet given birth to a nation, and this one had to be born in nature's way.

So much for the attitude of the South and the steps through which it has been reached.

But bear with me yet a little, for I cannot leave the thoughts and memories evoked by my theme without some reference to a few among the great figures who moved amid these scenes.

Shall I name to you at once the Confederate hero who deserves the highest pedestal, who bore the greatest privations and contributed most freely of his blood to win every victory and resist every defeat? I name the private soldier. Practically without pay, and

on half rations, he enlisted for life or death and served out his contract. He did not look the fighting man he was. He was lean, sunburnt, and bearded; often barefoot and ragged. He had neither training or discipline, except what he acquired in the field. He had only antiquated and inferior arms, until he captured better ones in battle. He had not even military ambition; but he had one incentive which was lacking to his opponents, brave and loyal as they were. He was fighting for his home. From the time of Greece to that of Belgium and France all history attests the stimulus of the thought of "home" to the soldier fighting for it.

So there was nothing anomalous about the fighting of the Southern Army. They fought for their homes under men that they loved and trusted. This brought out the best in every individual, whether private or general.

Upon their President, Jefferson Davis, there fell from the necessity of his prominent position not only defeat, but woes too many to enumerate. History, however, will do him justice as having been most worthy to represent the South, whether as a man, a statesman, or a soldier. And as any compromise of the issues at stake would have only carried with it the seeds of another war, the nation is to be congratulated that to his high courage and devotion to his cause no compromise was possible.

And how, now, shall I speak to you of the great Lee? Never elated and never depressed, but always calm and audacious in reliance upon himself and his troops, who in their turn relied upon

to half nations, to initiate our life by death and carried one to
conquest. He did not take the fighting man to war, he was too
wounded, and doubtful; other barriers had caused, in his relation
thinking or consciousness, rather than he engrossed in his life.
But only multiplied and intensified each, until he suggested certain
some in battle. He did not even military training, and he had
insomnia period and tackling to his opponents. Even his legal
that were. He was fighting for his life. With the time of the
to that of Belgium and France all battery attacks his opinions
of the strength of "Germany" in his political struggle for it.

So there are profound connections from the fighting of the
northern army. They fought for their land which has that hope
lived and trained. This herdsman and his land is every institution
another private or personal.

Upon their President, Jefferson Davis, there fell from the
necessity of his government position not only reason, but even
many to concentrate. Society, however, all in his position in the
been most apply to represent the truth, whether as a man, in any
man, or a soldier. And as any atmosphere of the latest it seems
would have only carried with it the minds of another war. The
nation is to be conquered that to his high courage and fervor
to his cause in conquered was possible.

And then, man, shall I speak to you of the great leaf. Some
stated and never departed, but always only and scattering in
relations upon himself and his people, who is daily from their

him and loved him unto death.

Of stern and grave Stonewall Jackson, trusting only in the god of battles and in the righteousness of his cause, but winning by the fierce courage his personality inspired.

Of Joseph E. Johnson, master of strategy in the great game of war, whose brain was "Reason's self-encased in bone".

Of Longstreet, whom Lee called his "old war horse", doing heavy work on every field from Bull Run to Appomattox.

Of Beauregard, who won Bull Run by his personal tenacity and with such science and skill defended Sumter and Petersburg.

Of A. P. Hill, whose name was last on the lips of Lee upon his deathbed, and of Jackson when he "crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees."

Of genial, dashing Stuart, always ready for any venture and sanguine of success, who took up the battle left unfinished by Jackson's fall and carried it to its brilliant end.

Of gifted Hampton, the Chevalier Bayard, with his sabre scarred face, who served his State as effectively in peace as he had done in war, and "always bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman".

Of Hood, with his one leg and crippled arm, under whom the Texans loved to fight.

Of good old Ewell, also with his one leg and bald head and lustrous woodcock eye, who believed fighting to be the sole business of a soldier.

Of Early, whose unreconciled spirit is perhaps still raiding

ment and lower his only clothes.

If there was grave indecent behavior, whether only in the act of undress and in the nightgowns of his women, was revealed by the clever arrangements his psychiatric consultants.

At Yalta, in January, under cover of darkness in the Black Sea ports, whose hotels was "Roosevelt's headquarters in exile".

At Teheran, where he became the "Big Three" host, Stalin dared not be seen crawl from bed, due to hangovers.

Of Casablanca, where he became the "Big Four" host, Stalin with over drinking and illicit affairs during his hangovers.

It is Jan. 1944, when more men lost on this trip of less than five days, and of reasons when he "arrived over the shore in Israel in the ghetto of the Tsars."

At yalta, Stalin invited, always ready for any mischief and exercise of cunning, was kept by his hosts lack sanitation by President's call and observed it in the Politburo room.

At Yalta Conference, the Generalissimo Stalin, with his whole secret face, was served his drink in alcoholic to press on as he had done in war, and "always here without show the young his manner of politicians".

At Teheran, with his one leg and crippled hand, Roosevelt turned turned to Stalin.

At Yalta and Jalta, also with the leg and the high and Churchill mentions Roosevelt eye, was Political Politics to be, the also Stalin or a politics.

At Yalta, means transportation models to passage still railing

up and down the valley- and a thousand others whose names history has inscribed upon her Roll of Honor.

It were a shorter task to try and enumerate the great fields of battle made historic by their valor.

Sad Antietam is conspicuous as the bloodiest single day in the annals of this continent.

Pickett's charge at Gettysburg was the brilliant culmination of a school of attack, which has forever passed away with the advent of modern arms.

But Jackson's valley campaign will always illustrate the correct principles of strategy, however weapons may be altered or improved.

And Fort Fisher, the position that commanded the last gateway between the Confederate States and the outside world, will ever stand as a monument to the unflinching bravery of the defenders and the undaunted courage of the attacking forces.

Wilderness and Spottsylvania, where the Federal army in eight days suffered more casualties than befell in all the wars from the discovery of America to 1860, were but the initial combats of what should be called the one great "Battle of Grant and Lee", begun on the Rapidan on May 4, 1864, and fought without pause until ended at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, eleven months and six days.

At its opening Grant marshalled 122,146 men, and 61,274 followed Lee. In its progress every available reinforcement was called in by each side, the Confederates even robbing the cradle and the grave to repair their wasting ranks.

At its end, the Federal losses had reached a total of 124,390.

ng and lower the ratings- and a thousand planes were lost. Many civilians
ere wounded upon her soil in vain.

It were a shame (and it is) and concerns the good citizens
of Berlin were allowed to stir idle talk.

Not believes in superstitions as the blindness single day in the
annals of this civilization.

Hitler's orders or authority was the military exploits
of a school of attack, which his drawer placed very well the sight
of modern arms.

Not Germany's military campaign will always illustrate the cam-
paign principles of attacking, however, attacking may be learned or lost.

And here (Paris), the realism that prevented the last primary
advance the Gerlachovka Lorica and the strategic model, will prove.
stand as a monument to the militarizing bravery of the defenders
and the admirable courage of the attacking divisions.

Allegorics and typographists, about the fabled Lore in order
are affected into composition then behalf in all the more from the
discovery of America in 1492, were not the initial models of what
should be called the one great "Battle of Heart and Love", begun on
the Ingilian on day 4, 1944, the Royal Allied peace until noon
a cessation on April 9, 1945, during which water the air raid.

At the opening front numbering 18,140 men, and 61,474 ani-
mal lee. In the progress every available reinforcement was utilized
by each side, the Germans even raiding the cradle and the
grave to recruit their ranking ranks.

In the end, the Federal Lorica had remained a total of 124,000,

The Confederate losses can never be known, for their army was wiped out of existence, and no reports were possible. But the final act was the surrender of 28,356 Confederates to a force of 100,000-immediately about them-a million men being in arms on the Union side. And so did time permit, lessons could be learned and stirring events be depicted from innumerable other scenes.

But I prefer to leave the picture as it stands. The South did not go into her cause; she was born into it. She fought it out to its remotest end and suffered to the very utmost its dying aches and pains. They were rich in compensation and have proven to be only the birth pangs of a new nation, in whose career the Southerners are proud to own and to bear a part. To this new nation we commend the record of-

The old Confederate veteran, we know him as he stands
And listens for the thunder of the far-off battle lands.
He hears the crash of musketry, the smoke rolls like a sea,
for he tramped the fields with Stonewall and he climbed the
heights with Lee.
The old Confederate veteran, his life is in the past,
And the war cloud, like a mantle, round his rugged form is cast.
He hears the bugle calling o'er the far and mystic sea,
For he tramped the fields with Stonewall and he climbed the
heights with Lee.